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512 eat, made ready by some woman who has been at home during the forenoon, but, whether or no, the toilers will probably retire into their houses for the siesta.

512 513 If the day be warm there will be drowsiness in the village atmosphere and almost universal somnolence among its inhabitants for an hour or two after midday.

The Evening's Recreation

512 252 The real activity of the village commences at about three o'clock. The women will soon begin peeling the taro, each seated on the ground before her own house. The diurnal grand repast is in preparation, and what with the peeling of vegetables and the cooking of them a housewife has perhaps an hour and a half of final work to do. Not that this is hard or unpleasant, but rather of a sociable nature, for little groups gather round the pot in which the taro is slowly seething under a covering of leaves. The men have risen from their rest and may foregather to chew betel or will sit before their respective houses renewing some sedentary task of yesterday—for such tasks may drag on unconscionably. [854] Often a man is content with the society of his immediate family, playing fondly with his younger children and carrying an infant in his arms.

512 301 302 883 Women and girls will go for water, and youths perhaps for firewood. Young bloods may appear, with a dash of paint on their cheeks and an ornament of boar's tusk or shell on their breasts. Their hair is glossy and greasy and their fine young figures set off with a sheen of coco-nut oil. In the most indirect manner and with a somewhat studied nonchalance they are, if the truth be known, bent on courtship, desiring principally to show off their masculine charms in those quarters where it suits them.

512 526 As the cool of the evening approaches the village grows more animated. If one game or another happens to be in vogue, youths of all ages will be boisterously engaged in it. The favourite games of the Orokaiva have something of war or chase about them. A number of players, with darts poised for throwing, stand in a kind of extended order while one boy bowls a disk-shaped section of banana stem along

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the ground before them. Then the waiting spearmen discharge their darts at the flying disk, seeing in imagination the wild pig flying past the hunter. This, like most native games, has no finality and no winner. Whoever lodges his mock spear in the rolling disk utters his shout of triumph—maybe his own name or that of his clan—while all rush forward to recover their weapons and form into line again for the next attempt. 512 526

A more uproarious pastime is the sham fight between two contending parties, when mock spears are thrown with great violence and evaded with great address. The spear is usually the six-feet-long stalk of a large herb weighted with its rhizome, a very solid knob, which gives power and directness to the missile and makes it worth one's while to dodge. The shield is a miniature of light palm spathe. Armed with these weapons the parties attack one another, launching their spears or parrying or dodging those of the enemy with all the cries and actions of true warfare. When the game is played by small boys, the contending parties draw closer and closer, snatching up and returning the spent weapons of their adversaries with gradually mounting spirit, until the combat thickens and may become a hand-to-hand scuffle in which the spear is turned into a club. An unlucky hit may compel one of the combatants to withdraw weeping from the fray, but one never sees bad blood engendered in these village games, however warlike, and a stand-up fight must be a very rare occurrence. 512 526 857

With the approach of dusk the various families of the village will forsake amusement and employment, or the lack of either, for the business of eating their evening meal. About this there is little or no formality. The housewife is responsible for the due preparation of the repast, which is the only regular one of the day. If she be a dutiful spouse she seldom fails in punctuality, for the hungry Orokaiva husband is short-tempered and any break-down in the catering of his household will cause domestic disagreement. (Indeed, it would appear that neglect of household duties may be as just and potent a cause of divorce as actual infidelity.) There will be a few friendly gifts of food. If a man 512 264 [578] 512 431

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The more engrossing pastime of war, one is still happier to say, is now a thing of the past. The Orokaiva are a high-spirited and warlike people, and at no very distant date were frequently engaged in raiding, killing, and eating one another; and life in those times must have involved an anxiety, but also an alertness which are now entirely absent.

Nevertheless, the Orokaiva still loves the appearance of battle—perhaps more, indeed, than he ever loved its deadly realities. No sight is more typical of the people than that of the constantly recurring *esu*, sham-fight or hostile demonstration, with its charge and counter-charge, the forming in line of the warriors, crouched behind their shields and with spears in readiness. Such a demonstration is likely to occur whenever one group of clans enters the village of another, whether to accept hospitality or upon some business such as that of obtaining the bride-price of one of its daughters. On such an occasion one may always hear fierce harangues and altercations, the speaker running back and forth between the two parties, pausing before his auditors and brandishing his spear-point at their very throats. When he retires one of the opposite faction will assume the role of abuse and threatened violence. As a rule this will all pass off in friendliness unless perhaps some man lose his temper in earnest at the resuscitation of some especially bitter grievance, or as sometimes happens, the inflammatory taunts of an old woman, armed aggressively with her long quarterstaff, set the whole in a blaze. Then the sham fight turns into a real *mille* in which blows of spear and club are dealt with great freedom and received for the most part safely on the shield. But still the restraint of modern times will prevail. The village constable (unless he has forgotten his office in the heat of the moment and is already wielding a spear) dashes forward with his jangling handcuffs prepared to make an arrest—most likely no doubt on the side opposed to his own, the uproar dies away with nothing worse than a few cuts and bruises, and the business and hospitality of the day will even go on as if nothing had happened. Such friendly bouts as these are all that remain of the fighting days of the Orokaiva.